

## The Evening World

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## The Three M's Must Go.

The passing bell has rung for Murphy, McCurdy and McCall. They must go, and go quickly.

They lag superfluous. They linger on where to linger longer is an affront to public decency. They have outlived what usefulness they had. They have been weighed and found wanting. They have shown themselves to be unfaithful servants. They have betrayed their trusts. They have proved themselves unfit. They must GO.

There can be no place for Murphy in the councils of a political organization maintaining a semblance of self-respect. His ten blunders have tolled his knell, and there is Good Ground besides.

There can be no place for McCurdy in a company holding the funds of hundreds of thousands of citizens in trust. He has shown himself an unfaithful steward. He has debauched the name of trustee. If conscience does not prompt him to resign he should be removed by summary process.

There can be no place for McCall in a trust institution administered for the benefit of widows and orphans unless that administration is to continue to mock the name. The taint is upon him. He must be put out.

In the name of decency and for the good repute of society the three M's must be deposed from the high places they have dishonored. They must go and go quickly, not standing on the order of their going.

## The Uncleaned Streets.

The ladies of the West End Republican Club are after Dr. Woodbury.

They are tired of sweeping up dirt with their dresses and they want a Street-Cleaning Commissioner who will make a pretense of keeping the streets clean. What they say about the accumulations of waste paper and fruit skins and germ-breeding refuse is entirely true. It is a matter of common remark that the streets are now and have long been in a discreditable condition.

If Commissioner Woodbury desires to hold over into another Mayoralty term it would seem to be the part of prudence for him to make a little timely show of energy and efficiency in his department.

## A National Theatre.

A National Theatre endowed with a \$3,000,000 fund and instituted to give the best plays with the best actors under the best conditions of scenery and costuming will realize the highest dramatic ideals.

Such a theatre should become, as Mr. Conried hopes, an educational factor of equal force with the school and the church. It will be a unique venture in providing for the absolute divorce of the footlights from the box office.

Public interest in the National Theatre is likely to be as much concerned with its secondary purposes as with its primary plan for the elevation of the drama. These subsidiary purposes are:

To make its stage a school of manners.  
To establish a standard of English speech and pronunciation.  
To set styles in correct attire.

It will thus in a way combine with the functions of the French Theatre Francaise, those of the French Academy, the drawing-room and the dressmaker's atelier. It is a comprehensive and ambitious aim.

Certainly its task as censor of spoken English will be an arduous one. At no previous time has popular usage been so powerful. English as it is spoken to-day in the street, on the stage, in the domestic circle marks a wide departure from classic standards.

Can the National Theatre undo what the Bowery has done?

## The Light of the Torch.

By Charles Raymond Macauley.



## Letters from the People

Says Modern Women Are Best.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A reader writes that women of old times were better than women are now. I don't believe it. Look at Cleopatra and Lucretia Borgia and Ninon de l'Enclos and Messalina and Mme. Breuvilliers and a hundred others. Also I think modern women are the best and loveliest and noblest creations of the Creator. Not "new" women, but "modern" women. The former are foolish cranks; the latter are ideals. Let us hear more about this.

VASSAR GRADUATE.

Doesn't Like Raw Food.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I read "Old-Fashioned Mothers' Complaint on the Fraying Up of Children" in today's Evening World. It interested me greatly, especially in regard

to a raw food diet. I have tried uncooked food with beneficial results, but the food doesn't seem to satisfy me. Very often I have a craving for cooked food. My friends contend the various vegetables, cereals, etc., such as rice, peas and beans, were certainly meant to be eaten, and they contend they certainly can't be eaten raw. Will some reader who has had experience in this matter, kindly write? RAW FOOD.

TONSORSICUS.

Shaving Queries.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I have just begun to shave myself using a safety razor. I find several minor difficulties in the operation. In fact it is more or less of a surgical operation. So I beg to ask experienced shavers for advice. In the first place, I can't get a close shave without making my face raw. In the second, I can't shave clean under either jaw. In

the third, there is a spot at the bottom

of the chin that the razor seems to

skip over without cutting. In the

fourth, though I am advised not to

shave against the grain, that is the

only way I can get my face clean.

Who will advise me?

match would be far more popular (as it is far more beautiful) than a football game.

SOCIOLIST.

Is New Chambers Street.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have some boys' clothes in good

condition, that I would like to have

accepted at the Newsboys' Lodging

House and given to the boys. Please

give me the address of the house.

W. P.

The Fractional Puzzle.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Replying to M. Fox, who asks "What

is one-ninth part of one and one-ninth?"

I beg to give the following answer:

One and one-ninth in form of frac-

tion equals ten-ninths. By multiplying

the denominator by nine we divide the

fraction by that number. Therefore ten-

ninths-divided by nine is one and one-

ninth.

R. RIZZO.

## Answers to Questions

## MRS. NAGG AND MR.—

By Roy L. McCordell.

How Can She Control the Children When He Upholds Them in Their Disobedience?

"I WISH you would hear how Lillie coughs, Mr. Nagg. Cough for your father, Lillie. She won't do it now, simply because you encourage the children to disobey me, Mr. Nagg, and I have lost all control of them, but if you could only hear how hoarsely she coughs, and it was just a cough like that that carried off Mary Lemly's youngest child."

"No, it wasn't Mary Lemly's child, but it is all the same, because her children always have the most terrible colds all winter and she never does a thing for them, and yet they are the healthiest children, otherwise I never saw, and always eating molasses bread, and when you call at her house those children climb all over you and muss you up, but all Mary Lemly seems to think about is to read novels and sit around in an old wadded wrapper with her hair up in kid hair curlers, and she looks a sight, but Tom Lemly, poor man, seems perfectly satisfied."

"And yet it just bears out what I was saying about neglected colds. There was a family lived near us in Cranberry Street, Brooklyn, and they had an old



"Cough for your father, Lillie!"

bachelor uncle boarding with them who was stone deaf, and he had a terrible cold every winter. It wasn't exactly a cold, but it was an asthma-like affection, and he used to smoke cube cigarettes and you could smell them a block!

"Well, he was run over by a Fulton street car and he sued the company and never got a cent of damages, and that was the result of a cold, and so it was his own fault!"

"Now you are going to argue with me, Mr. Nagg, but I tell you it was a cold. I forgot the old man's name, but he was a bachelor and somebody told me that he was sued for breach of promise once by a widow who refused to marry him on account of his asthma, but that had nothing to do with his being run over, and his suing the company, although he had been sued himself and he ought to have known better than to try to cross Fulton street unless he saw the way was clear! But, as I told you, he was deaf and his deafness came from asthma, and his asthma came from a cold that he caught in the army when he was a drummer boy, although he claimed he lost his hearing by standing too close to a cannon; but he didn't get a pension and so he always voted against the Grand Army of the Republic just for spite, and used to go to political meetings with an ear trumpet and make a show of himself."

"Don't try to deny it, Mr. Nagg, I don't remember his name, but I knew him as well as I know you, and he certainly was a most unfortunate man because



He used to go to political meetings with an ear trumpet.

he belonged to a secret society that sent him a lovely wreath when he died, with "Erotherly Love" on it, but they refused to pay his death benefit, certificate because the secret society had no funds, and he had paid in over \$500, because his sister told me so herself!

"So when I am careful of the children and try to prevent these dangerous colds, I know that I am only doing my duty as a mother, and I won't be sneered at by you, Mr. Nagg."

"If Lillie would only take her cold liver oil and let me rub her chest with camphorated oil and take some of the old-fashioned remedies, because I am a great believer in old-fashioned remedies, I know she would be better."

"But every one of the children inherit your aggravating and stubborn disposition, and I can never make you take anything when you have a cold, but you just go to bed and take quinine till you are dizzy, and so much quinine has a bad effect on the heart and I know it."

"Lillie doesn't cough now, you say? Of course, she doesn't. She wouldn't cough just because I asked her to."

"You set my own children against me, Mr. Nagg, and then raise a row with me because I can't control them, but how can I control them when you have no respect for me and they know it!"

## New York—High Hats—Chicago.

"IT WERE when a man with a sick tile and a pair of polished shoes was considered dressed up. Now it is considered vulgar. A good rule to go by is that a man should never dress so that any one article will appear conspicuous, says a writer in the Chicago Chronicle. Nowhere in this country except in New York do these monstrosities appear, and it is a mistake to suppose that the vulgar exhibitions excite admiration. There is no provinciality in Chicago."

"Don't wear a high hat with a soft shirt, tan shoes, sack coat, dinner coat, Tuxedo or flashy necktie. Such an outfit is an object of derision, whether it is found in New York or Oshkosh. The silk hat is not out of style; people have only learned how and when to wear—in every city except New York."

## The Canyon of Gold

Thrilling ADVENTURES in the Unknown Land of the Yaquis, with FIERCE FIGHTING Against INDIANS, and LOVE as the HERO'S Splendid inspiration.—By Arthur Rochefort.

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Frank, a young New Yorker, prospecting for gold in Arizona, meets Tom (known as "Alabam"), who tells him of a canyon of gold in distant part of Mexico, guarded by Yaqui Indians. He is loved by Capt. Moore, a gambler, and by Lucy Moore, who is the daughter of the expedition. At the borders of the Yaqui country, Pike and Pedro are left in charge of provisions, while Alabam and Frank push forward into the mountains.

CHAPTER III.  
Wealth's Dreams Come True.

FRANK was started from his reverie by a low voice at his elbow. "Reckon, old fellow, you'd have let me sleep on all night, if I hadn't kept tabs on myself? Wal, I do feel a heap sight better. Now, let us feed, for as soon as it's dark we must push on again."

There was a contagious cleverness in Alabam's voice that came like a tonic to Frank, who during his hours on guard had seemed to himself to be all alone on the hills.

About an hour after sunset—the twilight is brief in the Cordilleras—the two men, with their packs on their backs, started off again.

"How did Alabam ever make this four-day hike?" This was the question frequently on Frank's mind, as he went up through the darkness with the long silent stride of his friend.

Every twenty minutes, as on the night before, they stopped to listen. Far off they could hear the moaning of cattle and the barking of the wolfish dogs in which all Indians delight.

Now and then they could see far below them the gleaming of lights, and occasionally a flare leaped suddenly up from a mountain peak and as suddenly disappeared. These were the signals of the vigilant Yaqui guards, who night and day through the centuries have kept watch over their valleys.

To Frank it seemed that during the black hours of that interminable night as if they were steadily climbing up to the elusive stars.

All sights, all sounds indicative of their proximity to other human beings died out before midnight, till at each step the darkness and silence became

more oppressive and appalling. They crossed many mountain brooks where they refreshed themselves and replenished their canteens.

By daylight they were up in the region of perpetual frost, and the rarity of the air became so exhausting as to compel frequent halts for rest.

The next day they tried to rest and sleep in the shadow of an icy peak to which not even the Yaquis ever ascended.

"Another day and night," said Alabam, as again they slung their packs for the march, "and it will be near enough to touch."

"What do you mean?" asked Frank, who knew well enough what his friend meant, but it cheered him and banished the chill from his blood to hear the other's cheery voice.

"Why, Canyon Doro!"

"You are sure, Alabam?"

"Dead sure, Frank! That is if our luck holds out, as it is most sure to do. Keep a stiff upper lip and follow on!"

It would be interesting to narrate in detail the stirring incidents of the next twenty-four hours, but things more important press for record.

The third night they descended from the cold heights to valleys where the tropic air was laden with the odor of cereals and jasmine and where the twittering of parrots could be heard in the foliage through which they passed.

Before daylight they went into camp in an ancient ruin, about which was an old burying ground, a place sacred to the Yaquis.

"We can sleep here without watching," said Alabam, as he threw himself on the ground. When the sun is an hour high, I'll show you the place."

Frank lay down beside his friend, but sleep was out of the question. Here he was at length within the reach of the fortune that would have meant so little to himself but for that other one in far-off Tucson, whose life seemed a dream to him, and who was never so near to him as now.

As promptly as if he carried an alarm clock in his brain, Alabam woke up at the time he had named, and the two made a quick breakfast, and for the first time started off by daylight.

Not far from where they spent the early morning hours a wall of dazzling white quartz rose up before them. Just when it seemed to Frank that they must come to a halt, a crevice could be seen in the glittering ex-



"Pike is a devil!"

like one eager to be on and quite sure of his way.

As rich food to the sight of the starling, or cool water to lips cracked with the desert's thirst, so did the gold-covered walls of Canyon Doro appeal to the wondering eyes of Frank and Alabam.

After that first exclamation of delighted amazement, the young engineer stood speechless. There are emotions too profound for expression, unless it be the powerful expression of awed silence. For five years Frank Rand, alone of his kind, had searched the gulches and mountains of arid Arizona for gold, only to give up beaten when strength and resources were ex-

hausted. But now, here within touch of his hands, was gold more abundant and common than the glittering quartz rocks that held it as if for exhibition. "Well, Frank, what do you think of this?" asked Alabam, when the silence was becoming oppressive.

"Think? I can't think!" was the response.

"It's about as I said, ain't it?"

"It would be difficult to exaggerate."

Frank sat down on a mass of gold-filled rock that had become detached from the canyon wall and buried his face in his hands.

He was like a starving man, who, do- ing dreams of a rapid banquet, had

waking, dreads to rise and face the real- ities of his torturing privation.

One must have imagination to grasp even the greatest of realities, and that gift Frank Rand had in a pre-eminent degree, but it was tempered by a con- stant sense and reason that ever brought him back to the needs of the present.

"If we only had this layout a bit closer to Tucson," drawled Alabam, "we'd be about as well fixed as any pards in the great United States. But as we have it, what are we going to do about it?"

This question roused Frank from his reverie, and, springing to his feet, he took another look about him.

more hope in their hearts than they had at any time since leaving Tucson.

Never free from danger and with nerves ever strung to the breaking point by the ceaseless excitement of the adventures the hourly beat of the two made their way back till they had come within about two hours travel of the canyon in which they had left the rest of their party.

Embodied, as men are apt to be- come by exemption from expected ad- versity, their friends made the last third of their trying journey in broad day- light. This was done at the sugges- tion of Frank, who, with an eye to future trips, was anxious to get a fuller knowledge of the topography of their route.

From an elevation Frank saw, to his surprise and delight, a broad, tree-lined river flowing west from the direction from which he had come. He reasoned that this river must be subsequently lost by evaporation and percolation in the sands of the desert stretching away to the Gulf of California, but here in the mountains it might be in a way navigable, and, if so, why not use it to float out their gold, instead of packing it over the mountains by night?

"If you can take both loads on to camp," Frank explained, "I'll go over and take a look at that river. It may be all-important to us. I'll find me with the outfit by dark."

Alabam tried to dissuade his friend from this venture, although he fully appreciated its possible advantages to their undertaking. At length he gave a reluctant consent and with it much good advice, and then started off with his double burden, but a feeling of triumph made it light for the time.

At the entrance to the canyon before described Alabam met Robo, whose turn it was to stand guard, while Pike slept in the cave.

At sight of Alabam Pedro ran for- ward and, after the Mexican fashion, kissed him on both cheeks.

"Oh!" he cried, "my heart was hun- gry for you. But where is the Senor Pedro?"

Putting down his pack and sitting on it, Alabam told of the success of the expedition, and explained his partner's absence, then asked:

"And how has it been with you, Pedro?"

"It has been a hell," was the reply.

"Pike is a devil!"

"But he is here!"

Yes, back in the cave asleep. But I can have peace only when he is asleep. At other times he tries my life. And the Mexican threw up his hands and raised his black eyes to the sky.

me nor Frank wanted him along, but we needed the money, and Mr. Moore said we must take the man. You know we couldn't get out of it. But tell me what he's been doing to rattle you so, Pedro? (To Be Continued.)